Monmouth Routed, and taken PRISONER,

With his Pimp the *Lord Gray*.

A SONG

To the Tune of *King James's Figg.*

I.

FIve thousand Pound for *James* the *Scot*,
That squeez'd out the Garbish and Guts of the Plot,
The Roaring Cannons did fright him away,
Yet *Lumley* secured his Pimp the Lord *Gray*;
Ferguson with his Preaching Tools,
Was fairly Kill'd with his Knaves and Fools,
King *James* will shew them who 'tis that Rules,
While the *Whigs* look as Muddy as *Midnight* (*Owles*.

II.

Brave *Feversham*, and *Grafton* did stand,
And Eagle-Ey'd *Oglethorp*'s worthy Command;
He 'spy'd the Rebels like Thieves draw near,
At One in the *Morning*, e're Day did appear;
Yet all was in readiness took the Alarms,
The Word was given to Arms, to Arms:
The Cannons sweet Musick, the Soldiers charms
Whilst *Mars* was Assistant 'gainst Rebels and (harms.

III.

Brave *Albamarle* lay fair for their Flight,
And *Beauford* in *Bristol* secour'd the Kings Right:
As soon as ever the Day did appear,
Brave *Pembrook* fell foul o'th' Rout in the Rear,
Then began the stress of the Fray,
Gray turn'd Tails, with his *Horns* made away:
God Curse me quoth *Gray*; if longer *I* stay,
I never before saw so Bloody a Day.

IV.

Then *Monmouth* cry'd out, O *Gray* for my Life
Stand by me this Brunt and I'll Kiss thy Wife,
Then *Gray* swore Damn me, thou'st made me a Beast,
My Breeches are foul, I Run home to be dress't:
The Kings Army, both Horse and Foot, (Blood
Fought through the Rebels through Fire and
And Cut down the Enemies, all that stood,
Then *Monmouth* ran foremost, & thought it was (good.

V.

This was the success of our fine Fop-Things,
That came for to conquer the greatest of Kings,
Whose Commanders & Soldiers sooner *would dye*
In the Field of Honour than ever to flye;
We all their Standards there did gain,
And all their Cannons add to our Train,
While our Army doth flourish upon the Plain,
With Trophies of Honour, and lasting Fame.

VI.

And now they are beating the Bushes to find,
A King that left all his great Champions behind;
Who Rob'd the Churches in three weeks Reign,
And Ravish'd Young Virgins within the same;
Three Golden Bibles in his Flag,
Three Hackney Whores and his running Nag,
True *Protestant* Prince of which *Presbiters* brag
Is catch'd under a Hedge in a lousie rag

VII.

A fair Conclusion o'th' King in the *West*,
His Knights of the Garter instaled in hast;
Lord *Keeper*, and Secretaries of State,
Made under a Hedge, at his Court without Gate;
The *George* and *Starr* without Crack or Fledge,
To Fools not deserving a Porters Badge;
Like the King of the *Gipsies*, tuch'd *Mall* and *Madge*,
At his *Majesties* Court, given under a *Hedge*.

FINIS

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